

NOTICE.

A. S. WATSON AND CO.
FAMILY AND DISPENSING
CHEMISTS,
By Appointment to His Excellency, the Governor
and His Royal Highness the Duke of EDINBURGH,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DRUGGISTS
PATENT MEDICINE VENDORS,
DRUGGISTS' SUPPLYMEN,
CERATED WATER MAKERS,
SHIPS' MEDICINE CHESTS REFRIGERATED
PASSENGER SHIPS SUPPLIED.

NOTICE.—To avoid delay in the execution of Orders it is particularly requested that all business communications be addressed to the Firm, A. S. Watson and Co., or

HONG-KONG DISPENSARY.

123

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications on Editorial matters should be addressed "The Editor," and those on business "The Manager," and not to individuals by name.

Correspondents are requested to forward their name and address with communications addressed to the Editor, not for publication, but as evidence of good faith.

All letters for publication should be written on one side of the paper only.

Advertisements and Subscriptions which are not ordered for a fixed period will be continued until countermanded.

Orders for extra copies of the *Daily Press* should be sent before 11 a.m. on the day of publication. After that hour the supply is limited.

The *Daily Press*.

HONG-KONG, JUNE 20TH, 1884.

In the course of conversation about this time of year it is not unusual to hear speculation indulged in as to whether we are likely to have a typhoon during the summer. It is now nearly ten years since the last great typhoon in Hong Kong. Old residents say that a big typhoon may be expected about once in ten years (with small ones in between), and if this be the case the next one is nearly due. At any rate, after such a long period of comparative immunity from storms, it is impossible not to feel some uneasiness with regard to the near approach of the next one. As there have been fearful and destructive storms here before, so there will inevitably be again. What arrangements are there in force to meet the emergency when it arises? After the great typhoon of 1874 a Human Society was established with the object of saving life in the harbour on the occurrence of rough weather. In several minor storms that have occurred since then this Society has rendered good service, but for some years past the number of its members has been gradually diminishing, and latterly the Society seems almost to have vanished out of existence. In the event of a typhoon occurring to-morrow, there would no doubt be plenty of willing hands ready to do what they could to save the lives of the boatpeople, but an unorganised crowd, however willing, can do little compared to a disciplined force. This is fully recognised with regard to fires, and it would be found no less true with regard to the saving of life in typhoons. At the best of times the Human Society was hardly composed of the class of men capable of rendering the most efficient service in the emergencies. The Society was formed to meet. The Government has at its service, in addition to the Police, a considerable staff of boatmen; and it seems worth while considering whether these, together with outsiders, might not be organised into a Government Typhoon Brigade constituted on lines somewhat similar to the Government Fire Brigade. One great advantage we possess now, namely, that by the establishment of the Observatory and its constant communication with Manila and the Coast posts, we will have much longer warning of the approach of typhoons than in the old days, and the breakwater affords a secure refuge to the small craft of the harbour. Still there will always be some who either neglect the warnings, or who, running into the harbour from outside, are caught by the storm before they have time to secure shelter. It is pitiful to see the boats dashed up and smashed against the Praya even in the small storms which we have had during the last few years, and in the event of a typhoon such as that of 1874 the damage would be proportionately greater. On that occasion it was impossible to do anything whilst the storm was at its height, but both before and after there were opportunities of saving life. These were not wholly neglected, and several instances of great gallantry in rendering assistance were recorded at the time, but organised effort judiciously directed might have accomplished much more than was actually done. The same subject has recently attracted the attention of the Madras Government, who have issued a revised Cyclone Code for the guidance of marine officials. Instructions are given as to the securing of as timely notice as possible of the approach of the storm. The Government Astronomer has been directed to place himself in communication on the subject with the Superintendents of the Meteorological Stations at Masulipatam, Pondicherry, Nagapatam, Trichinopoly, and Trivandrum, and instructions have been issued to the Telegraph Department that messages on these subjects should have precedence of all others. Any suspicion of approaching bad weather is to be notified to the harbour authorities, who will at once hoist storm warnings. We in Hong Kong have equivalent arrangements, no doubt as satisfactory as those can be made, but there we stop. At Madras, however, the following arrangements are also made:—
(1) All officers of the Marine Department will be in attendance. (2) The boat and catamaran men belonging to the marine establishment will be assembled and held in readiness for immediate service. (3) The marine life-saving apparatus will be run out by the boatmen, so as to be ready for use either independently or in conjunction with the ordnance rocket party. (4) The boats and crews for night service will be mustered before dark, and will remain in the lower verandah of the Marine Office. (5) The pier establishment will remain during the night at the Pier Office, and will keep a good look-out along the pier. On the signal

being hoisted that "suspicious weather is to be expected," immediate notice will be sent to the Assistant Adjutant-General in the Fort, who will immediately inform officers in command of Regiments, and the Ordnance, Commissariat, and Medical Departments, to be ready in case of emergency; but no further steps will be taken unless there is actually the probability of a serious issue.

His Excellency—Hon. G. P. Bowen, G.C.M.G., Esq., &c.,
Governor Esq. G. P. Bowen, G.C.M.G., Esq., &c.,
THE ESTIMATES.

His Excellency—Hon. G. P. Bowen, G.C.M.G., Esq., &c.,
I wish to take this opportunity before moving on the order of the day to say that I proposed this afternoon to take nothing but the second reading of the two Appropriation Bills, and to go into Committee upon them either this day week, or this day fortnight, or this day three weeks, exactly as the Council may prefer. I have heard that my hon. friend, the senior member of the Council, says he would like to have a short debate on the Estimates, and such debates as he may know always animates him in the cause of the public service—to fully digest the Estimates, and I believe he remarked an early prorogation would be premature. I can only say I suppose the very name of prorogation, after a session of four months, would be as agreeable to my hon. friend as the word "prorogation" is to the Scotch members of the House of Commons. The Council of the 1st of June, 1883, was delighted to find the heart of my hon. friend, though he is a Scot, was in the words of the song, "In the Highlands chasing the deer," but in the Council Chamber of Hong Kong, studying the Estimates. I can only say I shall be most delighted to afford him as much time as he requires to road, mark, learn, and inwardly digest the Estimates. Seriously speaking, I think we have found the Estimates in a form of advantages to the public, and members will observe, to keep down the cost of the establishments on as low a scale as is consistent with efficiency, so that we may have the most money to spend on the sanitary and other works which are so urgently required. I also ought to observe the Estimates have been prepared by the Finance Committee, and the Estimates will move the second reading of the Bills, and after the second reading he will propose that the Council go into Committee upon the Bills this day week, and if any hon. member wishes for a longer time, if he will kindly propose this day fortnight or this day three weeks the Government will accept the amendment.

Hon. G. P. Bowen, G.C.M.G., Esq., &c.,
The defendants had apparently been fighting to the last for the faces of both presented a sorry spectacle, and one man had one of his eyes completely closed.

THEY WERE FINED HALF A DOLLAR EACH.

Complainant first paid defendant his wages at the end of the last Chinese year, and then gave him \$6 and said "This is for the writing desk."

Mr. Abbott, furniture dealer, gave evidence to the defendant ordering a desk, and to his supplying it. The price was \$16, and neither defendant nor plaintiff had paid for it though it had applied for the desk.

The complainant said the money had been paid to the defendant, and the latter said he had nothing to do with it. Two days ago the desk was paid for by a Chinaman who said the money was given to him by the plaintiff.

The case was remanded, and the defendant was set at liberty. His Worship not requiring

any bail.

PROSECUTIONS REMAIN.

Harry Walker and John Abbott, owners of the steamer *Gallerie de Lorraine*, were charged with fighting and creating a disturbance on the Praha Central on the 18th instant.

The defendants had apparently been fighting to the last for the faces of both presented a sorry spectacle, and one man had one of his eyes completely closed.

THEY WERE FINED HALF A DOLLAR EACH.

They were fined half a dollar each.

THE CYCLONE IN BURMAH.

CALCUTTA, 26th May.

The Norwegian barque *Iphigenia* was sighted in the Matsuwan about forty miles north of Nankunwan Island, apparently steering for Rangoon. Her mainmast was gone by the board, and she had a mizen topmast at the cap, and an upper foremast.

She was bound for Calcutta, and the ship had established civil government. Under

the command of the acting Captain of the

Calcutta.

The following account of the cyclone is given by the captain of the *Iphigenia*:

On the 16th I left the coast of China.

On the 17th I sighted the Matsuwan about

forty miles north of Nankunwan Island, apparently steering for Rangoon. Her mainmast was gone by the board, and she had a mizen topmast at the cap, and an upper foremast.

She was bound for Calcutta, and the ship had established civil government. Under

the command of the acting Captain of the

Calcutta.

The following account of the cyclone is given by the captain of the *Iphigenia*:

On the 16th I left the coast of China.

On the 17th I sighted the Matsuwan about

forty miles north of Nankunwan Island, apparently steering for Rangoon. Her mainmast was gone by the board, and she had a mizen topmast at the cap, and an upper foremast.

She was bound for Calcutta, and the ship had established civil government. Under

the command of the acting Captain of the

Calcutta.

The following account of the cyclone is given by the captain of the *Iphigenia*:

On the 16th I left the coast of China.

On the 17th I sighted the Matsuwan about

forty miles north of Nankunwan Island, apparently steering for Rangoon. Her mainmast was gone by the board, and she had a mizen topmast at the cap, and an upper foremast.

She was bound for Calcutta, and the ship had established civil government. Under

the command of the acting Captain of the

Calcutta.

The following account of the cyclone is given by the captain of the *Iphigenia*:

On the 16th I left the coast of China.

On the 17th I sighted the Matsuwan about

forty miles north of Nankunwan Island, apparently steering for Rangoon. Her mainmast was gone by the board, and she had a mizen topmast at the cap, and an upper foremast.

She was bound for Calcutta, and the ship had established civil government. Under

the command of the acting Captain of the

Calcutta.

The following account of the cyclone is given by the captain of the *Iphigenia*:

On the 16th I left the coast of China.

On the 17th I sighted the Matsuwan about

forty miles north of Nankunwan Island, apparently steering for Rangoon. Her mainmast was gone by the board, and she had a mizen topmast at the cap, and an upper foremast.

She was bound for Calcutta, and the ship had established civil government. Under

the command of the acting Captain of the

Calcutta.

The following account of the cyclone is given by the captain of the *Iphigenia*:

On the 16th I left the coast of China.

On the 17th I sighted the Matsuwan about

forty miles north of Nankunwan Island, apparently steering for Rangoon. Her mainmast was gone by the board, and she had a mizen topmast at the cap, and an upper foremast.

She was bound for Calcutta, and the ship had established civil government. Under

the command of the acting Captain of the

Calcutta.

The following account of the cyclone is given by the captain of the *Iphigenia*:

On the 16th I left the coast of China.

On the 17th I sighted the Matsuwan about

forty miles north of Nankunwan Island, apparently steering for Rangoon. Her mainmast was gone by the board, and she had a mizen topmast at the cap, and an upper foremast.

She was bound for Calcutta, and the ship had established civil government. Under

the command of the acting Captain of the

Calcutta.

The following account of the cyclone is given by the captain of the *Iphigenia*:

On the 16th I left the coast of China.

On the 17th I sighted the Matsuwan about

forty miles north of Nankunwan Island, apparently steering for Rangoon. Her mainmast was gone by the board, and she had a mizen topmast at the cap, and an upper foremast.

She was bound for Calcutta, and the ship had established civil government. Under

the command of the acting Captain of the

Calcutta.

The following account of the cyclone is given by the captain of the *Iphigenia*:

On the 16th I left the coast of China.

On the 17th I sighted the Matsuwan about

forty miles north of Nankunwan Island, apparently steering for Rangoon. Her mainmast was gone by the board, and she had a mizen topmast at the cap, and an upper foremast.

She was bound for Calcutta, and the ship had established civil government. Under

the command of the acting Captain of the

Calcutta.

The following account of the cyclone is given by the captain of the *Iphigenia*:

On the 16th I left the coast of China.

On the 17th I sighted the Matsuwan about

forty miles north of Nankunwan Island, apparently steering for Rangoon. Her mainmast was gone by the board, and she had a mizen topmast at the cap, and an upper foremast.

She was bound for Calcutta, and the ship had established civil government. Under

the command of the acting Captain of the

Calcutta.

The following account of the cyclone is given by the captain of the *Iphigenia*:

On the 16th I left the coast of China.

On the 17th I sighted the Matsuwan about

forty miles north of Nankunwan Island, apparently steering for Rangoon. Her mainmast was gone by the board, and she had a mizen topmast at the cap, and an upper foremast.

She was bound for Calcutta, and the ship had established civil government. Under

the command of the acting Captain of the

Calcutta.

The following account of the cyclone is given by the captain of the *Iphigenia*:

On the 16th I left the coast of China.

On the 17th I sighted the Matsuwan about

forty miles north of Nankunwan Island, apparently steering for Rangoon. Her mainmast was gone by the board, and she had a mizen topmast at the cap, and an upper foremast.

She was bound for Calcutta, and the ship had established civil government. Under

the command of the acting Captain of the

Calcutta.

The following account of the cyclone is given by the captain of

COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE.

ON SALE.

THURSDAY, 19th June.	
ON LONDON—EXCHANGE.	
Bank Bills, on demand.....	3/8
Bank Bills, at 30 days' sight.....	3/8
* Bank Bills, at 4 months' sight.....	3/8
Credits, at 4 months' sight.....	3/8
Documentary Bills, at 4 months' sight.....	3/8
On PARIS—EXCHANGE.	
Bank Bills, on demand.....	4/6
Credits, at 4 months' sight.....	4/7
On BOMBAY—Bank, 3 days' sight.....	2/5
On CALCUTTA—Bank, 3 days' sight.....	2/5
On SHANGHAI—Bank, sight.....	7/2
Private, 30 days' sight.....	7/2
SHARES	
Hongkong and Shanghai Bank Shares—123 per cent. premium.	
Union Insurance Society of Canton, Limited—\$550 per share.	
China Traders' Insurance Company's Shares—\$86 per share.	
North China Insurance—Tls. 4,400 per share.	
Yangtze River Insurance Association—Tls. 135 per share.	
China Insurance Company, Limited—\$190 per share.	
On Taihoo Insurance Company, Limited—Tls. 143 per share.	
Canton Insurance Office, Limited—\$93 per share.	
Hongkong Fire Insurance Company's Shares—\$340 per share.	
China & S. Insurance Company's Shares—\$61 per share.	
Hongkong and Whampoa Dock Company's Shares—\$38 per cent. premium.	
Hongkong, Canton, and Macao Steamboat Co.'s Shares—\$42 per share premium.	
Indo-China Steam Navigation Co.'s Shares—2/3 div. nominal.	
China and Manilla Steamship Company, Limited—\$10 per cent. discount.	
Douglas Steamship Company's Shares—Par, nominal.	
Hongkong Gas Company's Shares—\$84 per share.	
Hongkong Hotel Company's Shares—\$145 per share.	
China Sugar Refining Company, Limited—114 per cent. premium.	
China Sugar Refining Company (Debentures)—nominal.	
Luzon Sugar Refining Company, Limited—\$39 per share.	
Hongkong Ice Company's Shares—\$140 per share.	
Hongkong and China Bakery Company, Limited—\$100 per share.	
Perak Tin Mining and Smelting Company—\$100 per share.	
Sabah Tin Mining Company—\$300 per share.	
Penang Sugar Cultivation Company—Tls. 33 per share.	
Chinese Imperial Loan of 1874—Nominal.	
Chinese Imperial Loan of 1877—Nominal.	
Chinese Imperial Loan of 1878—Nominal.	
Chinese Imperial Loan of 1881—I per cent. per year.	

HONGKONG TEMPERATURE.

From Messrs. FAWCETT & CO'S BUREAU.	
June 18th.	
Saturday—A.M.	26.07
Saturday—P.M.	26.01
Sunday—A.M.	26.75
Sunday—P.M.	26.01
Monday—A.M.	26.75
Monday—P.M.	26.01
Tuesday—A.M.	26.75
Tuesday—P.M.	26.01
Wednesday—A.M.	26.75
Wednesday—P.M.	26.01
Thursday—A.M.	26.75
Thursday—P.M.	26.01
Friday—A.M.	26.75
Friday—P.M.	26.01
Saturday—A.M.	26.75
Saturday—P.M.	26.01
Sunday—A.M.	26.75
Sunday—P.M.	26.01
Monday—A.M.	26.75
Monday—P.M.	26.01
Tuesday—A.M.	26.75
Tuesday—P.M.	26.01
Wednesday—A.M.	26.75
Wednesday—P.M.	26.01
Thursday—A.M.	26.75
Thursday—P.M.	26.01
Friday—A.M.	26.75
Friday—P.M.	26.01
Saturday—A.M.	26.75
Saturday—P.M.	26.01
Sunday—A.M.	26.75
Sunday—P.M.	26.01
Monday—A.M.	26.75
Monday—P.M.	26.01
Tuesday—A.M.	26.75
Tuesday—P.M.	26.01
Wednesday—A.M.	26.75
Wednesday—P.M.	26.01
Thursday—A.M.	26.75
Thursday—P.M.	26.01
Friday—A.M.	26.75
Friday—P.M.	26.01
Saturday—A.M.	26.75
Saturday—P.M.	26.01
Sunday—A.M.	26.75
Sunday—P.M.	26.01
Monday—A.M.	26.75
Monday—P.M.	26.01
Tuesday—A.M.	26.75
Tuesday—P.M.	26.01
Wednesday—A.M.	26.75
Wednesday—P.M.	26.01
Thursday—A.M.	26.75
Thursday—P.M.	26.01
Friday—A.M.	26.75
Friday—P.M.	26.01
Saturday—A.M.	26.75
Saturday—P.M.	26.01
Sunday—A.M.	26.75
Sunday—P.M.	26.01
Monday—A.M.	26.75
Monday—P.M.	26.01
Tuesday—A.M.	26.75
Tuesday—P.M.	26.01
Wednesday—A.M.	26.75
Wednesday—P.M.	26.01
Thursday—A.M.	26.75
Thursday—P.M.	26.01
Friday—A.M.	26.75
Friday—P.M.	26.01
Saturday—A.M.	26.75
Saturday—P.M.	26.01
Sunday—A.M.	26.75
Sunday—P.M.	26.01
Monday—A.M.	26.75
Monday—P.M.	26.01
Tuesday—A.M.	26.75
Tuesday—P.M.	26.01
Wednesday—A.M.	26.75
Wednesday—P.M.	26.01
Thursday—A.M.	26.75
Thursday—P.M.	26.01
Friday—A.M.	26.75
Friday—P.M.	26.01
Saturday—A.M.	26.75
Saturday—P.M.	26.01
Sunday—A.M.	26.75
Sunday—P.M.	26.01
Monday—A.M.	26.75
Monday—P.M.	26.01
Tuesday—A.M.	26.75
Tuesday—P.M.	26.01
Wednesday—A.M.	26.75
Wednesday—P.M.	26.01
Thursday—A.M.	26.75
Thursday—P.M.	26.01
Friday—A.M.	26.75
Friday—P.M.	26.01
Saturday—A.M.	26.75
Saturday—P.M.	26.01
Sunday—A.M.	26.75
Sunday—P.M.	26.01
Monday—A.M.	26.75
Monday—P.M.	26.01
Tuesday—A.M.	26.75
Tuesday—P.M.	26.01
Wednesday—A.M.	26.75
Wednesday—P.M.	26.01
Thursday—A.M.	26.75
Thursday—P.M.	26.01
Friday—A.M.	26.75
Friday—P.M.	26.01
Saturday—A.M.	26.75
Saturday—P.M.	26.01
Sunday—A.M.	26.75
Sunday—P.M.	26.01
Monday—A.M.	26.75
Monday—P.M.	26.01
Tuesday—A.M.	26.75
Tuesday—P.M.	26.01
Wednesday—A.M.	26.75
Wednesday—P.M.	26.01
Thursday—A.M.	26.75
Thursday—P.M.	26.01
Friday—A.M.	26.75
Friday—P.M.	26.01
Saturday—A.M.	26.75
Saturday—P.M.	26.01
Sunday—A.M.	26.75
Sunday—P.M.	26.01
Monday—A.M.	26.75
Monday—P.M.	26.01
Tuesday—A.M.	26.75
Tuesday—P.M.	26.01
Wednesday—A.M.	26.75
Wednesday—P.M.	26.01
Thursday—A.M.	26.75
Thursday—P.M.	26.01
Friday—A.M.	26.75
Friday—P.M.	26.01
Saturday—A.M.	26.75
Saturday—P.M.	26.01
Sunday—A.M.	26.75
Sunday—P.M.	26.01
Monday—A.M.	26.75
Monday—P.M.	26.01
Tuesday—A.M.	26.75
Tuesday—P.M.	26.01
Wednesday—A.M.	26.75
Wednesday—P.M.	26.01
Thursday—A.M.	26.75
Thursday—P.M.	26.01
Friday—A.M.	26.75
Friday—P.M.	26.01
Saturday—A.M.	26.75
Saturday—P.M.	26.01
Sunday—A.M.	26.75
Sunday—P.M.	26.01
Monday—A.M.	26.75
Monday—P.M.	26.01
Tuesday—A.M.	26.75
Tuesday—P.M.	26.01
Wednesday—A.M.	26.75
Wednesday—P.M.	26.01
Thursday—A.M.	26.75
Thursday—P.M.	26.01
Friday—A.M.	26.75
Friday—P.M.	26.01
Saturday—A.M.	26.75
Saturday—P.M.	26.01
Sunday—A.M.	26.75
Sunday—P.M.	26.01
Monday—A.M.	26.75
Monday—P.M.	26.01
Tuesday—A.M.	26.75
Tuesday—P.M.	26.01
Wednesday—A.M.	26.75
Wednesday—P.M.	26.01
Thursday—A.M.	26.75
Thursday—P.M.	26.01
Friday—A.M.	26.75
Friday—P.M.	26.01
Saturday—A.M.	26.75
Saturday—P.M.	26.01
Sunday—A.M.	26.75
Sunday—P.M.	26.01
Monday—A.M.	26.75
Monday—P.M.	26.01
Tuesday—A.M.	26.75
Tuesday—P.M.	26.01
Wednesday—A.M.	26.75
Wednesday—P.M.	26.01
Thursday—A.M.	26.75
Thursday—P.M.	26.01
Friday—A.M.	26.75
Friday—P.M.	26.01
Saturday—A.M.	26.75
Saturday—P.M.	26.01
Sunday—A.M.	26.75
Sunday—P.M.	26.01
Monday—A.M.	26.75
Monday—P.M.	26.01
Tuesday—A.M.	26.75
Tuesday—P.M.	26.01
Wednesday—A.M.	26.75
Wednesday—P.M.	26.01
Thursday—A.M.	26.75
Thursday—P.M.	26.01
Friday—A.M.	26.75
Friday—P.M.	26.01
Saturday—A.M.	26.75
Saturday—P.M.	26.01
Sunday—A.M.	26.75
Sunday—P.M.	26.01
Monday—A.M.	26.75
Monday—P.M.	26.01
Tuesday—A.M.	26.75
Tuesday—P.M.	26.01
Wednesday—A.M.	26.75
Wednesday—P.M.	26.01
Thursday—A.M.	26.75
Thursday—P.M.	26.01
Friday—A.M.	26.75
Friday—P.M.	26.01
Saturday—A.M.	26.75
Saturday—P.M.	26.01
Sunday—A.M.	26.75
Sunday—P.M.	26.01
Monday—A.M.	26.75
Monday—P.M.	26.01
Tuesday—A.M.	26.75
Tuesday—P.M.	26.01
Wednesday—A.M.	26.75
Wednesday—P.M.	26.01
Thursday—A.M.	26.75
Thursday—P.M.	26.01
Friday—A.M.	26.75
Friday—P.M.	26.01
Saturday—A.M.	26.75
Saturday—P.M.	26.01
Sunday—A.M.	26.75
Sunday—P.M.	26.01
Monday—A.M.	26.75
Monday—P.M.	26.01
Tuesday—A.M.	26.75
Tuesday—P.M.	26.01
Wednesday—A.M.	26.75
Wednesday—P.M.	26.01
Thursday—A.M.	26.75
Thursday—P.M.	26.01
Friday—A.M.	26.75
Friday—P.M.	26.01
Saturday—A.M.	26.75
Saturday—P.M.	26.01
Sunday—A.M.	26.75
Sunday—P.M.	26.01
Monday—A.M.	26.75
Monday—P.M	

EXTRA'S

HOME, SWEET HOME.

[BY JOAQUIN MILLER.]

All will remember the case that came up recently in a Wisconsin court where it was found a returned Californian had for years imposed himself on his partner's wife as her true husband; the letters, the early incidents of their married lives, all of which he had come in possession of at his partner's death, or heard by their cabin fire in the long winter nights in the Sierras; all of these he had and would have been the case and got the property at the woman's death, had not the most ardent exposed him, and helped justice to see the right.

This it seems to me, is of itself a drama and almost without parallel in history. But the following narrative furnished by a friend seems to me even more full of poetry and dramatic incident than the case above referred to; for in the following tale it will be seen that each thought to act the part of martyr for the other:

In a little clearing fenced and flanked right and left by the great trees of a dense forest, through which a mighty river of the West was dimly seen slipping away to the sea and glad to get away from the wilderness, Jamie McCloud had set up this single word, Home.

A great, strong, "cannus son" who loved his friends, and, let it be honestly confessed, his glass also, too well, to make bread in his native land, he had at a rather late year of his life resolved to take his little fortune and go along into the great forests of America and there, with his own hands fashion for himself a home for his old age.

The new settler had wanted much, according to the older settlers, by locating so near the river's bank. They had, all with a common fear of malaria, given a little back from the river at this point, and so left this section vacant. By other good fortune or great foresight Jamie McCloud had settled down on this land, sat down with his own hands a few trees, laid the foundation of a house and set up this one-worded home.

In that act in that one word, there was much of the man. All the yearning, longing and loneliness of his great nature might have been read in this one act and word. The man had hardly felled the few trees that opened the blue sky above by day and let in the stars by night, when to the amazement and delight of the settler, a steamboat came steaming up the still waters, pushing a long dark line of smoke just above the leaning walls of yellow autumn-tinted leaves.

To the consternation of Tremley Hogen, and the delight of Jamie McCloud, the steamer made landing on the latter's new estate. Hobson, the lawyer, and speculator and reformer, an unrefined gambler, was furious. This landing meant a city. And that city to be bounded on a piece of land that might have been his for only a few hundred dollars but yesterday. A fortune had been lost!

"Come, Fergot, let me try and recover it." The tall, dark man took up his silk hat, brushed it musingly with his sleeve, consulted the glass and arranged his tie and immaculate shirt front, and came in hand, wheeling and stood at the door, ready to set out for the "Home" of Jamie McCloud.

"This is the place, Trem," said the smaller of the two, buttoning up his black cloth coat and assuming an air of gentility only second to that of his more elegantly-dressed companion.

In the great West a man of doubtful calling or character was always greatly dressed. There are no men, even the wealthiest there, who are so very much dressed as are the gamblers.

"Yes, curse him! A fool and a foreigner for luck! and there is the steamboat landing."

"And that means a city. They will build a city there, Pete, inside of ten years; and the man who holds this bit of land will be the wealthiest man in Boone Settlement."

"We'll buy him out. He will sell it for a song. The thick-headed Scotchman don't know what it's worth."

"Buy? I tried that. Yes, I did; sent old Sam Miller, his friend and fellow countryman, down last night."

"Well?"

"Wouldn't think of selling, swapping or moving on at all. Didn't seem to know or care whether the land was going to be valuable or not. Said he wanted a home; was tired of wandering, and would not sell for anything."

"Bad! Bad! then what do you propose?"

The tall, dark man with the curled moustache and polished bat stepped close to his companion, looked at him out of the remotest corner of his eye and tapping the bit of his bone knife as he threw back the tail of his black coat said between his teeth, "Bluff!"

"Bluff?"

"Yes, Bluff! So look to your irons." He's a big man, Trem; a powerful big man. He can get away with just six like me. And he can get away with you, too, Part."

"Can he?" He will see what he comes to this—Hello! What is this? H—m—e—Home! If that ain't about as sentimental a trick as I ever heard of! Say, Pete, he's my meat."

"What?"

"He's my meat. Yet he is. Whenever you see any sentiment in a fellow about home, hearstones, firesides and all such, you must go for him. He ain't got as much pluck as a six weeks' pall."

"Well, may be this 'un will bluff and may be he won't. Hope he will. But if he won't, then he's follow to shoot him in the back while at work."

"See here! I have done with that. Them that comes to a new country and puts out a shingle and announces themselves law-layers, ain't a-going to go about getting men shot in the back. No lawyers don't do that."

"Well, they make it safe for felons that do."

"Look here! We're wasting time; tear down that."

"He's a big man, Trem Hogen, big as four of me, and about as big as one of 'em."

"And you won't tear it down then? Well, I will."

"No, no, you won't, mon!"

Hogen had turned angrily from his companion and swiveling up to the tree where was tacked the new pine shingle with its one word—a poem in itself there in the creamy autumn-tinted wood—he reached out his hand to tear down the sign when Jamie McCloud, a great, bearded Scotchman clad in his native dress, with avocato on his shoulder, stepped before him and pushed aside the uplifted hand.

The other stepped back a moment and then reinforced and encouraged by the presence of Fergot he drew his knife and rushed forward. McCloud had set his牙 against the tree and whipped out his knife and pushed aside the man rushed upon him.

"It's me bones, and here I shall plow me hearthstone, and live and die under the shadow of these trees; and now, do ye me touch that?"

"You miserable Scotchman! you dare draw a knife on me?"

"I didn't draw a knife on ye man. But I ha's a knife, and a knife just like that yo ha'd in yer hand there. Yet they might ha' been made by the same hand, mon. See! Now, I'm not angry wid yo' mon; but you mustn't touch that. It's my baby, my bairn. I've nothing at all to do with her. Here I shall have a home, and I shall love that; and when you come this way, neighbourly-like, you'll find the

latch-string loose, me hearth warm, and a seat o' settin' in the corner for ye."

The man leaned over his shoulder to his confederate. Then putting up his knife he drew out his hand with an affected courtesy and said:

"I was wrong. I didn't know you cared so much for the particular pieces of land. Now if you will take it or sell it, I tell ye. I don't mind giving a good round sum for it."

"Well, I'm sorry. But you see, up there, money is not the thing. I'm not rich. I'm poor, but I have my health and can swing a pox. But you see it's so pretty there. Will the new settlers save the country if it's ruined? They will ruin it if it can be ruined. Ye'll tell them. And as for owing it, they don't own nothing or do a thing worth it from morning till night. Na! men, the tree growed in indeed and givin' o' wheat?"

Then the miller added, "But you have picked out a pretty place, Jamie."

"Purty! It's a picture! It's a poem. Look at the trees! Look at the wood. And the river! The river! It's looking back at me like it is known and loved me. Purty! there birds mornin' and night, and there is wild flowers, even in the fall time. Ah, it shall have a happy home here. I shall have horses, and cows, and pigs, and I shall plant and grow and reap, and be one of the honest, contented workers of this great, good country."

"And that you will. And, Jamie, you must have a wife."

"A wife? Why? I never loved anybody, and nobody ever loved me in the way of woman, I reckon, save me blessed mother. Oh, no, I'll live it out this way, and be happy, too."

"That's selfish. Yes, it is. Now, every honest settler ought to have a wife. Well, there's a good girl come to live with us, an orphan, Jamie, she's good, good? She's as good as gold; and pretty, too. Come up to the speechin', she'll be there. She started to come with us, but stopped to pick some berries and flowers, I reckon. Now, don't be a booby."

"Ha, ha!" laughed the man as he followed the good miller and his wife a few steps. "Annette Miller, you say that river is? When I first met you on our way back West, I shall settle down here, and make a home and name for myself, or die here and be forgotten. But hello! what is this? You have settled down? and here in the Boone Settlement? And now I suppose you will be making some country girl happy; oh, you handsome rascal?"

"A girl! If ah, well, now!" and the man laughed long and heartily. "Why, look at me temples, frosty as a March morning. Ah, no, Charley, I have laughed along for forty years a careless go-lucky life; and so it shall be to the end. But Charley, when we house up, and me heartstone laid and made warm, come, come and sit by it, and bring her wid ye and stay the Winter, and the Summer through, and I'll show ya' bold Scotch hospitality on yo' own gold soil."

"Jamie, I'm so glad to see you again and hear your great-hearted plans and promises of the future. But I'm poor, so poor that I don't dare to offer her my hand, or dare hope to have a home. But I can't go back, so here I stay."

"Don't dare offer her yer hand? Well, tell me, who is she? Tell me. Tell me, you lucky fellow. You know I laugh at such things. But I know how to help ya' and to sympathize. Tell me her name."

"Not for good, Jamie. It would not be her for her or for me. No, I will leave her free to marry above me, and better her fortune as she deserves to. Jamie, a true lover considers what is best for the woman he loves as well as what is best for himself. Well, I am poor, destitute. She is beautiful, Jamie; her beauty, her purity, in innocence, these alone are more than gold. I keep my love to you, and better her happiness by, he marries her, she is happy, and I—well, no matter. But that, Jamie, to me seems to be the real true unselfish love. Yes, I am thinking of her, not of myself."

"The true man I took ye fer. There's my hand."

"O, I love her, Jamie, and I shall love her to the end, for I believe she loves me."

"Ye knitt me to ye at every syllable of truth like teats of holly writ. But love her and hope for her. It's a good thing to have something to love, though selfish ones don't think that, and—and—Have something more?"

The Scotchman was plainly getting in deep waters, when Mr. Daniel Webster, the schoolmaster and rising young orator from Boston came hurriedly up the trail, followed by his wife, Peggy, their sweet-maiden, Mr. Sammis Miller, his wife, and their niece, an orphan, Annette Miller, who lingered in the distance gathering leaves.

"I am a stranger to ye, Miss, but the good Miller knows me, and he, befo', knows me some, and will tell ye I'm a man, am I not, Charley Osborne?"

"O, O, I come back here!" The girl only lifted her eyes a second and saw the agonized face of her lover, then again her face was to the ground, and she began to tear the flowers over plucked from the green-growing battlements of Bunker Hill. Shaking hands, Colonel, shake hands, Shake! and this is—Ah! are you acquainted with the dusty Miller. He is, sir, the noblesse of man, sir; an honest Miller. And, sir, he voices the straight Republican ticket without a scratch. Yes, sir, and that perfidious wretch, Thomas Jefferson Jones of Virginia, who leads the Union-splitting Democracy of this precinct has had no influence on him whatever."

"Sir, how you met the perfidious traitor, Jones? He is, sir, the arch-enemy of the country, the leader of the Democratic party of the Boone Settlement, sir; he would drag the American eagle in the dust and strangle the stars and stripes while perched on the lofty plinth of—of—Sir, come to the speaking-to-day and see me annihilate Jones. Annihilate him! I will pulverize him. Mind, morally and physically, I will pulverize Jones. I would that he were here now."

"Look here! We're wasting time; tear down that."

"He's a big man, Trem Hogen, big as four of me, and about as big as one of 'em."

"And you won't tear it down then? Well, I will."

"No, no, you won't, mon!"

Hogen had turned angrily from his companion and swiveling up to the tree where was tacked the new pine shingle with its one word—a poem in itself there in the creamy autumn-tinted wood—he reached out his hand to tear down the sign when Jamie McCloud, a great, bearded Scotchman clad in his native dress, with avocato on his shoulder, stepped before him and pushed aside the uplifted hand.

The other stepped back a moment and then reinforced and encouraged by the presence of Fergot he drew his knife and rushed forward. McCloud had set his牙 against the tree and whipped out his knife and pushed aside the man rushed upon him.

"It's me bones, and here I shall plow me hearthstone, and live and die under the shadow of these trees; and now, do ye me touch that?"

"You miserable Scotchman! you dare draw a knife on me?"

"I didn't draw a knife on ye man. But I ha's a knife, and a knife just like that yo ha'd in yer hand there. Yet they might ha' been made by the same hand, mon. See! Now, I'm not angry wid yo' mon; but you mustn't touch that. It's my baby, my bairn. I've nothing at all to do with her. Here I shall have a home, and I shall love that; and when you come this way, neighbourly-like, you'll find the

latch-string loose, me hearth warm, and a seat o' settin' in the corner for ye."

The man leaned over his shoulder to his confederate. Then putting up his knife he drew out his hand with an affected courtesy and said:

"I was wrong. I didn't know you cared so much for the particular pieces of land, now. Come, come, come all and have me explained the silvery principles of the Doug-

"With a tremendous flourish of his tremendous hand, the great man bowed almost to the ground before the stout, good-natured miller's wife and was gone.

"A great man, a very great man, both very great, and they will give the country oh, I suppose they own the most of it?"

"Will the new settlers save the country if it's ruined? They will ruin it if it can be ruined. Ye'll tell them. And as for owing it, they don't own nothing or do a thing worth it from morning till night. Na! men, the tree growed in indeed and givin' o' wheat?"

Then the miller added, "But you have picked out a pretty place, Jamie."

"Purty! It's a picture! It's a poem. Look at the trees! Look at the wood. And the river! The river! It's looking back at me like it is known and loved me. Purty! there birds mornin' and night, and there is wild flowers, even in the fall time. Ah, it shall have a happy home here. I shall have horses, and cows, and pigs, and I shall plant and grow and reap, and be one of the honest, contented workers of this great, good country."

"And that you will. And, Jamie, you must have a wife."

"A wife? Why? I never loved anybody, and nobody ever loved me in the way of woman, I reckon, save me blessed mother. Oh, no, I'll live it out this way, and be happy, too."

"That's selfish. Yes, it is. Now, every honest settler ought to have a wife. Well, there's a good girl come to live with us, an orphan, Jamie, she's good, good? She's as good as gold; and pretty, too. Come up to the speechin', she'll be there. She started to come with us, but stopped to pick some berries and flowers, I reckon. Now, don't be a booby."

"Ha, ha!" laughed the man as he followed the good miller and his wife a few steps. "Annette Miller, you say that river is? When I first met you on our way back West, I shall settle down here, and make a home and name for myself, or die here and be forgotten. But hello! what is this? You have settled down? and here in the Boone Settlement? And now I suppose you will be making some country girl happy; oh, you handsome rascal?"

"A girl! If ah, well, now!" and the man laughed long and heartily. "Why, look at me temples, frosty as a March morning. Ah, no, Charley, I have laughed along for forty years a carefree go-lucky life; and so it shall be to the end. But Charley, when we house up, and me heartstone laid and made warm, come, come and sit by it, and bring her wid ye and stay the Winter, and the Summer through, and I'll show ya' bold Scotch hospitality on yo' own gold soil."

"Jamie, I'm so glad to see you again and hear your great-hearted plans and promises of the future. But I'm poor, so poor that I don't dare to offer her my hand, or dare hope to have a home. But I can't go back, so here I stay."

"Do not dare offer her yer hand? Well, tell me, who is she? Tell me. Tell me, you lucky fellow. You know I laugh at such things. But I know how to help ya' and to sympathize. Tell me her name."

"Not for good, Jamie. It would not be her for her or for me. No, I will leave her free to marry above me, and better her fortune as she deserves to. Jamie, a true lover considers what is best for the woman he loves as well as what is best for himself. Well, I am poor, destitute. She is beautiful, Jamie; her beauty, her purity, in innocence, these alone are more than gold. I keep my love to you, and better her happiness by, he marries her, she is happy, and I—well, no matter. But that, Jamie, to me seems to be the real true unselfish love. Yes, I am thinking of her, not of myself."

"The true man I took ye fer. There's my hand."

"O, O, I come back here!" The girl only lifted her eyes a second and saw the agonized face of her lover, then again her face was to the ground, and she began to tear the flowers over plucked from the green-growing battlements of Bunker Hill. Shaking hands, Colonel, shake hands, Shake! and this is—Ah! are you acquainted with the dusty Miller. He is, sir, the noblesse of man, sir; an honest Miller. And, sir, he voices the straight Republican ticket without a scratch. Yes, sir, and that perfidious wretch, Thomas Jefferson Jones of Virginia, who leads the Union-splitting Democracy of this precinct has had no influence on him whatever."

"Sir, how you met the perfidious traitor, Jones? He is, sir, the arch-enemy of the country, the leader of the Democratic party of the Boone Settlement, sir; he would drag the American eagle in the dust and strangle the stars and stripes while perched on the lofty plinth of—of—Sir, come to the speaking-to-day and see me annihilate Jones. Annihilate him! I will pulverize him. Mind, morally and physically, I will pulverize Jones. I would that he were here now."

"Look here! We're wasting time; tear down that."

"He's a big man, Trem Hogen, big as four of me, and about as big as one of 'em."

"And you won't tear it down then? Well, I will."

"No, no, you won't, mon